FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY I.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION,

VOL. 29..... NO. 10.027

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# DREAM TOURNEY

The Most Remarkable Dreamer Captures a Gold Double Eagle.

Julian Hawthorne, the Novelist, Will Act as Judge.

Make Your Accounts Short and, Above All, interesting.

As a little midwinter novelty THE EVENING World has decided to have a Dream Tourna-

What subject arouses more interest about the fire of a Winter night than the recounting of the thrilling and remarkable dreams of those who are adopts in dreaming and know how to graphically relate their fantastic experience in the realm of slumber?

A special interest in this matter has lately been aroused in the discussions of learned divines as to the philosophy and significance of dreams.

Several exceptionally interesting novels have also been published recently, the facts of which have turned upon remarkable dreams.

Altogether the matter is interesting and very timely.

THE EVENING WORLD has thousands of bright writers among its hundreds of thousands of readers, as shown by the extraordinary discussions, " Is Marriage a Failure?" and "If You Were a Millionaire." In response to very numerous requests for something more in this line, the Dream Tournsment is started.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double eagle to the relater of the most remarkable dream.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the popular novelist, will be the judge and will award the

Julian Hawthorne, as well as his father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has written many fascinating novels of the mystic order, and is especially interested in the philosophy of dreams. He may find some plots for future stories in the dreams of THE EVENING WORLD

Contributors to this feature should make the accounts of their experience in dreamland as brief and graphic as possible. If not of general interest they will not be published. Above all, contributors must be truthful. Don't give us any "day dreams." The successful competitor will be required to take an affidavit to the fact that his dream was an actual one of his own experience.

THE EVENING WORLD will publish the most futeresting of the contributions, but cannot, of course, undertake to publish all that may be sent in. All competitors should address their communications to " Dream Tournament," THE EVENING WORLD, New York,

# WORLDLINGS.

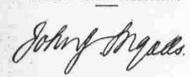
John Leibenderfer, of Beaver Falls, Pa., bled to death as a result of having a tooth pulled. Several physicians attended him, but were unable to check the flow of blood. He was a strong, healthy man in the prime of life.

Dr. Schliemann, the noted Greek archeologist and excavator, is master of fourteen languages. In his youth he was a sailor before the mast on German vessel. It is said that he gained a reading knowledge of English in six months of

Little Tommy Elmore, of Micanopy, Fla. although only eight years old, is a prodigy with the violin. His execution of difficult selections from the operas is remarkable, and he is in great demand at parties because of his skill in playing dance music.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, has been in public life since 1850, when he was elected to the Legislature. He was a farmer's boy, and at noteen was a school teacher. He is a Kensuckian by birth, and one of the youngest members of the "Kentucky clique" in Illinois politics, in which Lincoln, Yates, Oglesby, Richardson and Browning were included.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.



# JOELITY'S JOLLY CREW. STRANGELY ALIKE.

BY THE SAME.

Coals to Newcastle.

Miss Footlite-You seem to be annoyed, Fay.

feller we met at the Casino has just sent me tickets for the Bijou next week, an' I'm booked for the leader of the amazons in the same play.

A Different Stick.

"How's this?" inquired the city editor; "I

old you to make a 'stick' of this story, and

Cross-Constry.

[Fram Judge ]
Member of Prominent Athletic Club-Quick,

man, let me by! I'm the hare and the hounds

are just behind me, don't you know?
Farmer (quietly)—Bill, run an' git Const'ble
Skivvers't'wunst. Kings County crazy hous hez
lost a pet boarder agin.

It Depends.

(From the Terre Haute E-press ] "Doctor, what kind of animals is a man most

ikely to see when he has an impending attack

"Oh, some see snakes, some sea lions-in fact, it depends on the jaguar carrying."

Cruelly Suspicious.

(From the Chicago Pribuse.)
Liberal pewholder (dropping \$10 bill in con-

tribution box and whispering to deacon-Smallest I have. I'll take four or five of those

silver dollars in the box and let it go. Business-like deacon (drawing counterfeit de-tector from his pocket)—Wast a moment, please.

At the Gate.

I From the Chicago Times. 1

Where to Draw the Line.

(From the Chicago Tribwee.)
"In the case of my unfortunate client, gentle-

men," said the eloquent attorney for the de-

fense in a murder case. ''it is for you to draw the line between murderous rage and emotional

And the jury rendered a verdict that they thought the safest place to draw it was between the head and shoulders.

The Same Thing.

Prom the Pittsburg Chronicle. |
"The French Government seems to take

kindly to Boulanger's success, after all," re-

marked the Snake Editor.

Why, I thought the Cabinet wanted to resign on account of it," replied the Horse Editor.

"Precisely. It displayed a spirit of resigna-tion. That's what I say.

Metropolitan Arrogance Rebuked.

Farmer Oatcake-I'd like to know, Mr. Ben

on, why you have held this 'ere letter o' mine,

instead o'sending it down to my nephew in

One Fact

scrofule, sait theum and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good ap-

petite and gives strength to every part of the system

try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. #1. six for #5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass

By Oreis

St. Peter-Hello! Who are you?

of tremens ?"

Miss Flies-I orter be. That young Wollets

A FEW OF THE MANY MIRTHFUL SAYINGS The Story of Charley Ross and History of Charley Kinney.

> All Cooperstown Believes the Two Are Really One.

But the Father of the Stolen Charlle Says Kinney Is Not He-

THE EVENING WORLD recently received a letter signed by Msr. M. E. Rouse, 2311 Second avenue.

It had been brought out by an announcement in the paper, and the writer, who said she was staying for the present in this city. asserted that the lost Charley Ross is now living in Cooperstown, N. Y., under the name of Charley Kinney.

"He is a fine young man," said the letter. and has been recognized by his father and brother."

The writer of the letter seemed to be so positive in her statements that an Evening WORLD reporter went up to 2311 Second evenue to see her.

He found a kindly-faced, silver-haired lady Mr. Slopace-Er-ali-do do sing "Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lady" Miss Liepver-I don't sing; but perhaps you can whistle, and-I might try the rest. of sixty years. She told a story in all sincerity and politene s. Mrs. Rouse resides in Cooperstown and is at present visiting relatives in this city.

"I called to talk with you about Charley Ross," began the reporter. "I understand here you bring me a report a yard long."
"I'm sorry," returned the new reporter, "but you see I used to be a clerk in a dry-goods store." you to say that he is alive and in Cooperstown."

"He is," replied Msr. Rouse, "Every one in Cooperstown knows that. He is known by the name of Charley Kinney." ' How do you know this?"

"I know it, because his father and brother have been on there and recognized him. They have been there frequently, and Char-ley has been to see them at Philadelphia."

'And when old they first see him?"

"And when did they first see him?"

"Last Spring, some time."

"How does he look?"

"He is about twenty years old, tall, fair complexioned, with chestnut-colored hair and a bright pair of blue eyes."

"low did he get to Cooperstown?"

"Well, I don't exactly know that. He tells a very romantic story of his life. He remembers being taken from his home and kept in a loft for some time. Then he says he was taken to New York and given to a man who took hum to Cuba. This man he says, beat him cruelly, and he ran away, appealed to a kind American, and was sent back to New York.

He drifted around there for a while and finally got into a Mission. With a lot of other boys he was bound out to a farmer in Springheld, N. Y. Then he turned up in Coopers-town and went to the Orphanage there. He was educated in that place and has lived in the town, working for different people ever But how aid his father find him out?"

"You must have had a very mild Winter in the United States." "Why?" "I believe some one wrote to him and no-tified him that his son was there."
"You think, then, that it is really Charley "You never would have come to heaven if it had been a cold one."

Noss?"

"There is no doubt of it," earnestly replied the old lady. "All Cooperstown is certain of it, and I have seen letters come to town addressed to Charley Ross."

"Why did he not return home with his

parents?"

'He has a good position with the Alfred Corning Clark estate, and is loath to leave it."

Mrs. Rouse was so earnest and so positive in her belief that the boy was there that the reporter decided to go on to Philadelphia to see Mr. Ross. He found him at his place of business. 1438 North Sixth streets where he is a manufacturer of crucibles. He is Port Warden of Philadelphia as well.

Christian K. Ross—for that is his full

Warden of Philadelphia as well.

Christia: K. Ross—for that is his full name—is a pleasant-mannered gentleman of apparently fifty years, though he is probably older. He received the reporter very cordially, and the former immediately approached the object of his visit.

"Mr. Ross, I understand that your boy Charlev is alive and living in Cooperstown, N. Y. 2"

"Charley Kinney, eh? Why, I knew that boy four ieen years ago. He was then brought before me as being my boy. He was found in Cuta by the Rev. Dr. Kenny, a mission-ary there, who rescued him from some one who was ill-treating him."
"Then he is not your son."

ary there, who rescued him from some one who was ill-treating him."

"Then he is not your son?"

"No, he is not. After Mr. Kenny brought him before me ne sent him to Goshen, N. Y., to be educated. The boy created a sensation, and I was deluged with letters telling me that my son had been found. But it wasn't he," and the old gentleman heaved a deep sigh.

"Then," he continued. "I heard of him in Red Bank in 1875. I was told a strange story about a man and a boy. Investigation proved that Charley Kinney had been there on a visit with some man. And recently I have received indignant letters from Cooperstown, asking why I den't claim my son. I know full well who it is, and therefore don't bother."

don't bother."

Mr. Ress said that he received letters nearly every day from different parts of the country, but he mas given up the search, and doesn't place any reliance on the stories sent him.
Mr. Ross showed the reporter pictures of

N York?
Postmaster at the X Roads—Cause 'tain't properly directed. Do you spose that Bob Outcake ain't obliged to have city, county an' State put on his letters because he lives in a hig town? Thar's one country postmaster, at least, who believes that New York don't own the Union! Mr. Ross showed the reporter pictures of the Kinney boy and of his own lost boy. The resemblance was wonderful. The pic-ture of Charley Ross was taken at four years, while the Kinney boy scemed to be about eight years old. There was a slightly sterner expression on the Kinney boy's features, but that could be accounted for by the fact that he had been crucily abused and ill-treated in his early years. Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American states-man. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsapariila does cure

excitement and stirring the hearts of the en- Mosher had a stable on Third or Fourth

Christi n K. Ross was then a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, and lived in Ger-mantown. Charley was four years old, and a bright, curly-headed boy, whom every one On the afternoon of Wednesday, July 1, 1874, the boy was playing with his brother Walter and some other children in Washing-

ton lave, Germantown.

Two men came along in a biggy. They had met the children on three or four previous occasions and had gotten into their good graces by always bringing a package of candy, As soon as Charley Ross sighted them up he toddled to the carriage and lisped; "Mister, 'oo dot any tandy to-day?"

"No," replied the man, "but if you'll take a ride with us we'll buy you some and get you some fire-crackers too."

The boy immediately clambered into the vehicle and Walter was taken also. The men immediately whipped up their horses, and after they had driven some miles Walter began to cry. Then he was put out and the ton lave, Germantown.

after they had driven some miles Walter began to cry. Then he was put out and the
men drove on with Charley.

When Walter returned home and told his
parents what had occurred they were nearly
frantic, but strangely enough they made no
efforts to recover Charley until three or four
days later, when an advertisement was inserred in a Philadelphia paper, offering \$300
for his return. The answer to this was an
anonymous personal which read:

ROS. We be ready to negotiate.

The same day, July 7, an anonymous letter was received, stating that the boy would be returned for \$20,000. Others were received shortly afterwards. They were brutal in their character, and were carefully concealed by Mr. Ross from his wife. Part of one of these read. these read :

Any attempt to ascertsin the child's hiding-place will result in its entire annihilation. We will turn the child up on our own terms. These letters Mr. Ross at the time, by the

advice of the police officials, declined to make public.

Finally Joshua Taggart, Chief of the Pennsylvania Detective Bureau, made an arrest. His victim was a notorious criminal named Chris Wooster. He proved an alibi and he

More letters were received by Mr. Ross, and one appointed a place of meeting. It was at a bridge in the northern part of the county, but the details were so cleverly arranged that, puzzle their brains as they would, the police could see no possible way of entrapping the stillains.

villains.

On July 22 Mayor W. S. Stokely, on behalf of several wealthy citizens, offered a reward for the arrest and conviction of the kidnappers and the restoration of the child. Efforts were redoubled in every way, but all to no

Then the singular reticence of the Ross family began to make itself felt. The news-papers tegan to hint that perhaps Charley Hoss was not lost at all, and the family re-ceived letters charging them with having killed the boy and buried him in the cellar. killed the boy and buried him in the cellar.
On July 26 a reward of \$20,000 was offered and advertised by means of a personal by Arthur Purcell, who gave his address as the General Post-Office, Philadelphia. No such individual could be found.
The first trace of the missing child was discovered on July 7, when William Able, a barber of Allentown, Pa., announced that he had cut the curls from the head of a boy who was the magaze of the right and the general portfolio and the properties and portfolio and

was the image of Charley Ross. The barber said that the boy came in a buggy with two men and a woman.

His story was the work of an imaginative brain, but it led to the discovery of the fact that Charley Ross had really been in Allenton.

town.

A reporter learned that a man with a boy had arrived in Allentown by train and had put up at the Island House. He also found that a suit of clothes had been bought for the boy there, and the sale-swoman who sold them gave an accurate description, tallying exactly with that of the missing child.

Then, on July 29, Philadelphia was electrified by the report that Charley Ross had been found with a band of gypsies near Hamburg, Pa. Business was generally suspended and bulletin boards expectantly scanned. Mr. Lewis, uncle of the boy, went on, and, late in the atternoon, the sad news

on, and, late in the alternoon, the sad newscame that it was a missake.
"It is not the child," was the sample message that flashed over the wires to the anxious

Then another sensation was created on Aug. 4 by the arrest of a lady in Philadelphia who had a child very much like Charley Ross. The father was sent for, but it was

only another disappointment.
Shortly afterwards Police Capt. Dietz, of

spearently fifty years, though he is probably older. He received the reporter very cordially, and the former immediately spearened the object of his visit.

'Mr. Ross, I understand that your boy Charlev is alive and living in Cooperstown, N. Y.?"

'Well, my dear young man, if that is so, you know more than I do. I have not found him yet and never expect to."

'Well, the residents of Cooperstown are certain that your son is there. He goes by the name of Charley Kinney."

'Charlev Kinney, eh? Why, I knew that "Charley Kinney, eh? Why, I knew that the boy said he had two names, Charley Ross, and Charles Augustus Hamilton. Again Mr. Lewis went on and "Charles Kinney, eh? Why, I knew that again was he disap; ointed. There was a wonderful resemblance, but they were not alike in other ways.

The next story came from Odell, Ill, where a man named Lewis Durgan, who formerly lived in Philadelphia, was arrested with a boy who resembled the missing child. It proved, however, to be Mr. Durgan's own

And so this celebrated case dragged along. Children were found all over the country and the parents of Charley Ross were kept in a perpetual state of excitement by these re

m a perpetual state of excitement by these reports.

Meanwhile Supt. of Police George W. Walling, of New York, discovered a cine.
One of his officers, by name Doyle, had talked with Gill Mosher, a brother of a celetalked with Gill Mosher, a brother of a cele-brated criminal. In this conversation he learned that William Mosher had approached Gill and asked him to join in a scheme to carry of some rich man's child and hold it for ransom. Gill declined, saying there was too much risk attached. Joseph Douglas was to be one of the party. Then the Supermendent sent a despatch to the Chief of Police of Philadelphia. It

rend :

Send detective here with original letters of the kidnappers of the Ross child. Think I have information.

ture of Charley Ross was taken at four years, while the Kinney boy scemed to be about eight years old. There was a slightly sterner expression on the Kinney boy's features, but that could be accounted for by the fact that he had been cruelly abused and ill-treated in his early years.

Any one to look on Charley Ross at four years and Charley Kinney at eight years would almost be willing to take an oath that they were the same.

"They look very much alike, but it is not my boy," said Mr. Ross.

The Charley Ross kidnapping happened over fourteen years ago, creating tremendous

Mosher had a stable on Third or Fourth street, but just where, he didn't know.

He promised to work for the Superinteadent, but it is believed that he warned Mosher and Douglas, and kept them posted as to the movements of the police. Mosher, it was learned, did live at 285 Monroe street under the name of Henderson; but both he and Douglas had completely vanished, and no trace of them could be found.

Finally, on the morning of Dec. 14, both men were shot while attempting to rob the house of Judge Van Brunt at Bay Ridge. Mosher was killed almost instantly, but Douglas lived some minutes.

'Who are you, and where do you come from?" saked J. H. Van Brunt, the Judge's son.

"I won't lie to you," replied the dying man. "I am Joseph Douglas, and that man over there" (pointing to Mosher)" is William Mosher. It's no use lying now. Mosher and I stole Charley Ross from Germantown."
"Why did you steal him?"

.. To make money."
.. Who has the child now?" "Mosher knows all about the boy; ask

Then he was told that Mosher was dead He said :

Then he was told that Mosher was dead. He said:

"I do not know where he is. Mosher knew." And then he died.

Thus both the child-steslers died, and the longed-for information died with them. Their bedies were subsequently identified by Detective Sellick and little Walter Ross.

This Charley Kinney, in Cooperstown, remembers being kept in a loft for some time. Mosher had a stable in Philadelphia at the time of the kidnapping.

Then again the boy Kinney remembers being taken to New York. Mosher moved from Philadelphia to New York on Aug. 18, about seven weeks after the kidnapping.

Charley Kinney was found in Cuba late in December, so Mr. Ross says. Did Mo her when he learned that Supt. Walling had him down for the crime give the boy to the showman and thus get rid of him?

It is a remarkable parallelism of cases, and it would have been a fitting ending should the coincidences mentioned have ended in the identification of the lost by Ross with the found boy Kinney.

the found boy Kinney.

## PLATT STOCK BOOMING NOW.

ALLISON'S REFUSAL GIVES HIM A GREAT SHOW FOR THE CABINET.

Ex Sen tor Thomas C. Platt says there never was any breach between himself and Warner Miller, and that all of the war talk thip of the friends of both in the struggle for recognition by Gen. Harrison.

Mr. Platt's explanation seems to be confirmed by the apparently friendly relations existing between the two men, who frequently meet each other in the corridors of

Everything now seems to point to Mr. Platt as a Cabinet probability. The refusal of Senator Allison to accept the Treasury portfolio and the general disinclination of Gen. Harrison to appoint J. S. Clarkson in his stead, Blaine as premier and the New York Boss's "pul," with the Vice-President-cleet and the majority of strong Republican politicians in Washington and throughout the country—all these are cited as greatly strengthening Platt's chances. On the other hand, the Union League friends of Miller claim that Platt is an im-

possibility in the make up of the Cabinet.

They have apparently deserted their leader, however, and seem now to have decided upon another p an of action to secure the defeat of Mr. Flatt.

A compromise candidate is urged, and some of them speak confidently of the choice of Cornelius N. Bliss, Chairman of the Re-publican State Committee, as the man to be the Cabinet representative from this State. This does not seem to disturb Boss Platt in the least, however. He still wears the same smile and assumes the same air of confidence which have characterized him since he se-cured the defeat of the Miller indorsement by the Union League Club.

All Tastes Suited.

[From the Philadelphia Eccord.] Waiter-The customer I's waitin' on says the brandy sauce down taste like it had any brandy

Cook—Who is he?
'Doan know. Western man."
'Bring the sauce back and chuck in a little sulphuric acid and kerosene cil."

He Meant It Literally.

Miss Bristleby—Don't hurry, I beg of you, Mr. Merritt, it's only 11. Mr. Merritt (who has heard footsteps)-I'm afraid your father will kick.

Nearly Killed by a Gas Leak. George Goss, aged twenty-nine, was found nconscious in his room at 241 West Thirtieth street, at 7,30 this morning. He was taken to Rooseveit Hospital almost asphyxiated. The cause was an escape of gas from the fixture.



AN EXCELLENT

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# AT THE FRENCH BALL.

A Little " Pome " in Prose Descriptive of the Startling Events Thereat.



THE shadows of yesternight, whose mid-night torches poured their light? Whose nimble heels to the music's peals flashed, an this city. their ladies' eyes graw bright? Who made it a ' red-letter night " and " woke the echoes" till day on the occan broke and Old Time smiled as another spoke from his rickety chariot - wheel was broke, so soon after such a strike had

stroke ? Who, but the Cercle de l'Harmonie, those merry apirits whose non and out have quickened the mazes of the dayce in every clime that e'er heard of France; whose deux temps rises and

falls the same though governments rise and fall to shame, and whose battet divertissement might win a real St. Anthony-not to sin, but to try for a whirl in the beautiful din French heels

make when the dances begin ! Yes, 'twas the night of the great French Ball. and the town hasn't been to bed at all.

At least, that part of the town that must take a big fat slice of every cake—the youth who laughs while his pocket bleeds; the man who wants what he never needs; the bald-headed dotard who goes to see if the dance is as wrong as it's said to be; the married man who sits up with a friend; the bookkeeper who has "his books to tend;" the lawyer whose labors never end; the ponderous statesman who must unbend; the sportsman who'd see if the tiger is denned; the deacon disguised lest he may offend; the student who'd know whatever is kenned; the gentleman who has money to lend; the fellow whose manners 'twere well to mend: the bard filled up has been the result of the earnest partisan- | poem unpenned; the tigress in search of prev to rend; the financier with a froliesome trend; the lonesome "fiver" that would be tenned; the vivandière who has kisses to vend-all folks who funward their ways still wend and give thanks for all good things the gods may send-they were all at the Ball last night!



What did they do and what did they see Well, a good deal after the clock struck three! Planets-that is, of the Venus kind; stay not to see which a man were blind; ballet-dancers who kicked so high the toes of their shoes made holes in the sky; girls who could scale the boxes when they stood on the hats of a dozen men: waltzers who, to the strains of Strauss, swept with a swing that could shake the house; harlequins, clowns and columbines quaffing a medley of foreign wines, and a bluecoat here and there, with a club, for fear his buttons should get a sunb What did they see ? Well, without much trouble, scores of the gayest of them saw double!
What did they do? Well, first of all, What do

they do at a " Cercle " ball ? Frolic and dance and unbend the bow that had been bent for a year or so. Drink in the-laughter of flashing eyes; climb from the floor to the gaileries;



lout the scorn of the over wise; quaff Gretchen's health from her Oxford ties; toast the Pharisees who despise fun that their forms don't authorize.

What do they do? Why, "the girls and byes put on an extra coat of size on the deep red tint they paint the skies, and it never would do to catechise the roysterers gay who take a rise out of life and "shoot Folly as she flies!"

Twas I o'clock when the fun began; 'twas ! o'clock when the old folks ran; 'twas 3 o'clock when a broken fan showed where Love's powder flashed i' the pan! Twas 4 when the plainest damsel there, as the Queen of Beauty had grown as fair: 'twas 5 o'clock-yes, exactly 5-when the writer left, more dead than alive!

An Appropriate Costume. [From Life.]

Mr. S .- Shall we call on the Wetherbec's to night, my dear?
Mrs. S.—No; I have nothing to wear.
Mr. S.—Oh, then we'll go to the opera.

# THAT CEILING MADE HERE.

CITY FIRM FURNISHED THE PAPIER-MACHE SHAM FOR THE CAPITOL.

Contractor Smith Ordered the Imitation-The Secret Kept by Not Shipping It to Albany Until Completed-What Became of the Hundreds of Thousands Paid for the Supposed Heavy Carved Oak?

The 411 papier-maché panels which compose the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber in the State Capitol at Albany were made in

Contractor John Snaith, who was to have furnished a ceiling of carved oak, conceived the, to him, economical idea of putting up a fair imitation in its stead.

He contracted with H. Sinclair & Sons, ornamenters, of 327 Seventh avenue, for the manufacture of the ceiling according to specitications, with the very important modification that papier-mache should be substituted

for the oak called for.

An important clause in the contract between Snaith and the Sinclairs was to the effect that no portion of the ceiling was to be shipped to Aibany until it was entirely com-pleted.

This agreement was carried out and the panels were all made and fitted before their

panels were all made and litted before their shipment.

On their arrival at Albany they were elevated to the scaffolding before being opened so that no one but the centrastor, the workmen and Superintendent of Buildings C. B. Andrews were aware of the character of the material used.

As the workmen received unusually large wages and Super Andrews was said \$7.500

As the workmen received unusually large wages and Supt. Andrews was pail \$7,500 according to the Comptroller's books, there appeared to be every reason for them to keep the secret of the ceiling to themselves.

Mr. J. M. Sinclair, of the manufacturing firm, vecording to the Press, which published some interesting news about the matter this morning, said that papier-mache costs but one-fourth as much as carved oak and some of

fourth as much as carved oak, and some of his workmen assert that the ceiling which he made could be produced for one fifth of the

maile could be produced for one lifth of the cost of carved oak.

Mr. Sinclair refused to say this morning how much he was paid for his papier-maché panels, but it is supposed to be about \$11,500, so that the balance of the enormous expenditure, nearly \$250,000, went for te labor of removing theold and putting in the new sailing.

## A DRUMMER GONE CRAZY.

He Makes Ructions in His Hotel and Tries to Jump Off the Roof.

A. C. Rowe, aged about thirty, a travelling salesman for a powder company at Marion, N. C., who has been stopping for the past two weeks at the hotel at 102 West street, suddealy showed signs of insanity to-day. He ran through the house, shouting,

They want to kill me! They want to kill me!" Then he ascended to the roof of the me: Then he ascended to the roof of the building and tried to jump off, but was prevented by attaches of the hotel.

He was taken in charge by a policeman, and at the Tombs Police Court was committed to the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction.

MERGED WITH TAMMANY.

The Purroy Association Peacefully Fulfils Its Destiny. The Henry D. Purroy Association has

ceased to exist as an independent political organization. Tammany Hall's proposition has been accepted and the Furroyites will merge with the Wigwamites, with a representation on the General Committee of ten from each Assembly Alambia.

sembly district. Clothes Burned by Wholesnie. Fire which broke out at 3 o'clock this morning n the wholesale clothing warehouse of Steinhardt, Adler & Co., 314 Broadway, did a damage of \$1,500 among the stock.

A Pair of Them.

[From the Chicago News, ]
Mr. Blaine and William Walter Phelps continue to wander arm in arm down the echoing corridors of time.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

OFFICE OF THE
SODEN MINERAL SPRINGS COMPANY (LIMITED),
15 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.
We have been informed that several druggists have replied to would be purchasers of our Soden Mineral Pastilles that they could not handle all articles offered in the market. We beg to call the attention of these gentlemen, who have not yet fully appreciated the unimpeachable merits of our products, to the following reasons which have induced our company to secure the sole right of sale in the United States from the adminisration of the Springs at Bad-Soden, in the Taunus, for te mineral products: (1,) The strength of the unprejudiced and super

estimonials of the most distinguished throat special-sts, and also of the most eminent vocal artists, regard-ing the results they experienced by using the Sodan

(2.) In view of the surprising success these Pasti ave had in Germany, their consumption increasing after two years in the following remarkable manner: First year, 270,869 boxes; second year, 1,211,071 boxes; third year (1888), approximately 2,400,000. By the end of the year it will probably exceed 2,500,-000 boxes, as during the last week the report of which has reached us 95,000 boxes were sold. (3.) In consequence of pressing demands from this country to the administration of the Springs, the peo-

ucts by their personal experience at Soden having endeavored to secure for others the sanitary worth of the products. (4.) Last but not least. The fact that the Medical Jury of the World's Exhibition at Brussels has awarded to the products of the Soden Mineral Springs the high-est distinction, is another reason why we feel pleased to have secured the sole right of sale for the United States The interest so generally manifested in the Seder Mineral Pastilles by people in all parts of the United States since we gave notice of their introduction in the month of November last, gives us the greatest satisfac-

ple who have discovered the merits of the mineral prod-ucts by their personal experience at Soden having

SODEN MINERAL SPRINGS Co. (Limited).

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